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I Remember

Reference number PT0501

I remember sky,
It was blue as ink.
Or at least I think I remember sky.

I remember snow,
Soft as feathers,
Sharp as thumbtacks,
Coming down like lint,
And it made you squint
When the wind would blow.

And ice, like vinyl, on the streets
Cold as silver,
White as sheets,
Rain like strings and
Changing things
Like leaves

I remember leaves,
Green as spearmint,
Crisp as paper.

I remember trees,
Bare as coat racks, spread like broken umbrellas
And parks and bridges,
Ponds and zoos,
Ruddy faces,
Muddy shoes,
Light and noise and bees and boys and days.

I remember days,
Or at least I try.
But as years go by
They're a sort of haze.
And the bluest ink
Isn't really sky.
And at times I think
I would gladly die
For a day of sky.